



Too Much Love



👁 186 ✓ 2 ★ 14

Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

I raised the cup of coffee up to my lips while walking trying to multitask, but my two left feet stumbled and the coffee spilled down the front of my new shirt. A young man who looked about my age came over and helped me up. "Are you okay?"

"I'll be fine," I answered.

He was tall, with jet black hair, and a perfect face. I felt intimidated just being around the stranger. I was a slimy slug compared to him. I wonder what his name is.

"I'm Jack," the stranger said, answering my question, almost telepathically.

I grinned stupidly, too shy to say anything. "What are you doing, Liz? You're blowing your chances with him!" I thought to myself how big of an idiot I was for not saying anything when a short blonde girl came over and wrapped her arm around him.

I gasped as I recognized my worst enemy, Amanda Weatherby.

"Are you coming, Jack? We have to get over to the animal shelter soon," she said while clearly looking at me and trying not to giggle, with the hot drink down the front of my shirt.

Of course, 2 perfect peas in a pod. They clearly both did things that seemed too nice for a real human being. Jessica volunteered at animal shelters, soup kitchens and helped push a whale back into the ocean before the day was even over.

What was I thinking? I really thought that a guy that pretty wouldn't have a girlfriend? I sighed as I watched Jack and Amanda walk away from the small parking lot. I guess I didn't really want someone that

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

After I came home changed my shirt, I sat at my computer, logging onto my social media account for the first time in what seemed like eternities. I clicked on Jessica's page, unblocking her. I reeled back in surprise. Her page was like a shrine to Jack. Every photo was either of him or them together volunteering at something. It was disgusting and extremely creepy. This wasn't just love, Jessica was practically obsessed! Did Jack know about this?

I pulled into the parking lot of the animal shelter, Jack sitting next to me. I grabbed the rag with chloroform sprayed into it from under my seat. As he climbed out of my car, I met him at the front bumper. "C'mon Jessica, I am DYING to see the new pupp-" I thrust the rag into his face, and he immediately crumpled. I caught him before he fell, and I lifted him over my shoulder like a bag of flour. I placed him in the back seat, carefully buckling him in, and I started the car. I pulled out of the lot, heading for the highway.

Chapter 2 by bluedog



I drove for what seemed like hours until I was out of the state. I noticed Jack was waking up and I pulled over at a Motel. I hit him on the head with a rock so he would possibly experience memory loss. I brought him into a room and grabbed a scissors. I made a cut down his arm and pushed hard with my fingers on varying parts of his leg. I cut his pant to make them look jagged and wrapped his head and arm. I then used the rock to make jagged cuts on his knees which I sterilized and wrapped. I came up with a story. He was hit by a fast moving bike. I, his girlfriend, saved him. His name is Jordan and he has lived in Utah his while life. His parents recently died and we have been dating for four years. My plan was all ready I just needed him to wake up.

Chapter 3 by SandyBeaches



About an hour and a half later, he did. I told him my story and he bought it. As his injuries weren't horrible, I had treated them myself, so there was no need for him to go to the hospital, or even a normal doctor. My only hope was that his memories wouldn't come back. He had not only easily accepted the story, but he seemed to think that he had loved me for those four years, and, subsequently, leaned in to kiss me. I was conflicted. I hadn't done this for his love, I had

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

think I need to go to a hospital, they can help me there." My voice was quiet when I answered, but deadly. "You can't go." "Why not?" "I won't give you permission is why. I have always been in charge in this relationship. Don't question it now, darling." My voice was still soft, still commanding. He didn't speak for a moment, and then, "Okay, darling." "Darling is what I always called *you*. You call *me* Sexy at home and Trixy when we're out." "Oh. Well okay." "Ahem. Okay who?" "Okay, Sexy." I knew what I had to do. I had to train him to love me, so much that, even if he discovered the truth, he would never leave me. "Good job, darling! You're getting better already!"

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account